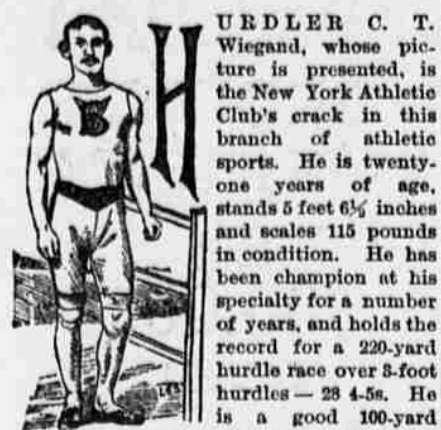


SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

THE REASON FIGHTERS DO NOT HAVE CUT AND BRUISED FACES.

C. T. Wiegand, the New York Athletic Club's Crack Harder—What Has Become of All the Fighters?—Billiardists Daily and Sexton—Hughes Says the Manhattan Club Was Never so Prosperous as at Present.



URDLER C. T. Wiegand, whose picture is presented in the New York Athletic Club's crack in this branch of athletic sports. He is twenty-one years of age, stands 5 feet 6½ inches and scales 115 pounds in condition. He has been champion at his specialty for a number of years, and holds the record for a 220-yard hurdle race over 8-foot hurdles—23.45s. He is a good 100-yard runner as well, with a record of 10.3-ss., and won one running broad-jump competition he engaged in with a leap of 21 feet 9 inches. Mr. Wiegand has won running high jumps, also clearing 5 feet 8 inches, remarkable work for one of his height. He is also quite an expert in gymnastic work.

"Why don't you ever see fighters with bugged up faces?" asked a reporter of Billy Edwards in the Hoffman House the other evening as he glanced at a gentleman whose face was scratched and swollen from some recent altercation. "They have to make their living fighting," was the answer. "I never saw a man who chopped wood all day chop any at night for amusement. You wouldn't go to a theatre and report the show just for fun, I'll bet. Then, too, a fighting man appreciates the risk to his hands he runs in boxing some fellow who may have a hard head, and he knows it is no credit to him to thrash anybody except a clever opponent in a ring. A fighter is the safest man to meet I know of. Many times I have to go and talk men wouldn't dare use to anybody else."

There are nineteen interesting events on the programme of the Seventh Regiment's 22nd annual games, which will be held at the Armory on Dec. 3. The entries close on Nov. 24, with Secretary Janssen, Post-Office box 125.

Where the fighters have gone puzzled an old-time champion yesterday. He was looking for a pair to go on to fight for a \$300 purse in Washington, D. C., to-night. Harry Leonard was the only one who came forward. Jack Fulton made the laughable excuse that he wanted time to train. He had been told who his opponent was to be, too.

"Maurice Daly," said a well-known up-town sport, "has a valid excuse now for not playing Billy Sexton. Harvey Ubert, his partner, is seriously ill. Daly didn't want to play Sexton yet, or he would have been playing a week for \$500 a side. The Comanche would play him one or six nights for \$2,500, and Daly could get the backing."

George Le Blanc, the Marine, is in Boston this week. He is to meet three or four men at the Wilmington (Del.) Theatre next week.

Mr. C. C. Hughes says the Manhattan Athletic Club was never so prosperous as now. More members were added to the rolls last week than in any such previous period in the club's existence. Harry Sullivan, a well-known boxer, is coming back in February, and will have charge of the grounds next season. As for the boxing competitions which are said to have made professionals several of our members, I won't say, but I continue the club secretary, "that the National Association has never notified the clubs that it had added boxing to the list of exercises it oversees. In consequence we run our boxing under the old rules. When a notice of a National Association set of rules governing boxing is sent us the Manhattan Athletic Club will be the first to observe it."

The New York Athletic Club will play the Crescent Football Club's team on Saturday at the Polo Grounds.

Charlie Coster says he does not see where he is to blame for punching a member of the Staten Island Athletic Club. He was caught by the throat and he saw a cane flourish near his head while his assailant had hold of him. "Of course I struck out," he added. "I don't understand the meaning of the word of the Island grounds. The man I hit accepted my explanation."

Not a Sure Sign.
(From the Dispatches.)
Don't be too hasty to judge. The cardinal nose may belong to a testator who courts a girl with rough cheeks.

WON AND LOST.

ISS Grace Berrian.
Ross Graham wrote the name on the cover of a little white box, then drew out a sheet of paper and wrote these lines:
MISS BERRIAN: I have desired to tell you what you have been—what I love and what I want. I have never had an opportunity to do so, and a dread of offering you a love letter has made me a coward. I enclose herewith a card which accompanies this an opal star. If I see it in your hand to-night, may I take it as a sign that my love is not rejected, and that I may speak? R. G.

Then he took from a drawer a little case of purple velvet. Upon a bed of snow lay a star of opals. The jewel caught the sunlight and gathered it all together in its fiery heart, then flashed it out in a thousand rays of brightness.

He put the case in the little white box, and laid it about for his sealing-wax. "I have lost it," he said. "I will get some from the library."

As his feet touched the hall below, a woman stole from the room opposite his own, and entered through the door he had left open. She went up to his desk, and read the letter he had written.

"Ah!" she said. "He takes this method of telling how much he loves her. I will not leave him, no more easily. Grace Berrian, it lies between you and me, and you shall not win it." She stole out again. There was an evil glimmer in her eyes.

Ross Graham came back presently. He sealed the box, then folded the note, and enclosed it in an envelope bearing the name of Miss Berrian. He placed them together in the drawer, and closed the desk and left the room.

The landlady met his cousin, Isabel Leith.

"Ah! Going out?" he asked.

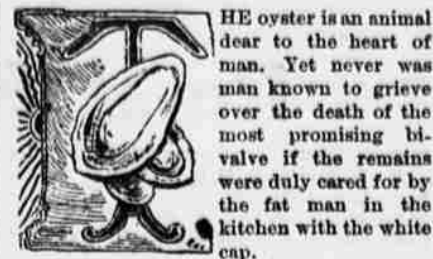
"Yes," she answered, turning her dark and beautiful face towards him.

Her eyes were soft now, and full of fascinating influence.

"You are a beautiful woman," he said, as

STYLES IN OYSTERS.

The Stew the Most in Demand, with the Fry Second in the Race.



HE oyster is an animal dear to the heart of man. Yet never was man known to grieve over the death of the most promising bivalve if the remains were duly cared for by the fat man in the kitchen with the white cap.

One thing which shows the intrinsic excellence of the oyster is that it is sweetest when wrested from its shell without any culinary ceremony at all. Raw, it enters the human system as easily as a wicked thought, and when it glays slides to its goal on its own juices the stomach is never reminded that it has been unwisely hospitable.

It is a very superior delicacy, and one that it will not be palatable has yet to be discovered. The oyster is like the perfect Christian—always good, no matter how it is treated. Raw, on the half-shell, on a shell, steamed, broiled, fried, scalloped, pickled, stuffed, it is a household joy.

Fashions in oysters do not change to any extent. They are called for in the same styles at Dorion's as they were years ago, and in the same proportion. The stewed oyster comes first in the predilection of its friends. Sixty out of a hundred who eat the bivalve order an oyster stew. Oysters are particularly delicious when they are stewed in their own juices, but at a few places are enough of them opened to permit of this.

Next to the stew, fried oysters are the most popular. They should not be smothered in a thick blanket of butter, but are to be glibly greasy. Run them through some eggs, roll them lightly in cracker-crumbs, and fry them quickly.

The boiled and the roast oyster are next in order. When it is in a pickle it is quite naturally dressed to its purpose, and serves as a relish.

Most of the other modes are but variations on these. Boston stew only adds a bit of tomato for the oyster to lie on. Some years ago an attempt was made to introduce steamed oysters. In the Monument City this phase of the oyster will make the native water at forty paces, and Harvey in Washington makes them a specialty. But the New York connoisseur draws the line at little neck clams. Steam them, yes! but not the clam's nob's brother.

There is a thing to be said for oysters. That fashion has gone out. At Dorion's Fulton Market place there are four or five eight-inch shells that look as if they had been opened in the last century. They are crammed in their lateral development grew straight ahead for a foot. Your real gastronomic will turn calmly from blue points, gaze unmoved on the plumpiest saddle rock and look at the oyster with a look of indifference. To many the taste for oysters is an acquired one, and the relish for the Shrensbury is even to the confirmed oyster-eater, something that does not come always with the first dose. But when they get there they stay there.

BILLIARD EXPERTS IN THE CLUBS.

Stein down all who play with him in the German.

Col. De Lancey Kane hold his own at the Knickerbocker.

Tom Morrissey and Norman Cross claim the tables at the Lamps.

Heinrichs hums operatic arias while playing at the Leidenkrantz.

Dr. Knapp, Carroll Livingston and Dick Young are the rollers in the Casino.

Edward Kearney, James Boyle and Harry Perry are the leaders in the Blossom.

The playing of William H. Delancey always attracts attention in the St. Nicholas.

Dan Starr, Dugro and Dr. Flint are the bosses with the cue in the Manhattan.

Col. Church is the most active in the Century, where there are many good players.

Marshall, Stafford, William Terrell and Harry Pike, George Schaffer, James Magee and Walter Stone also rank as experts there.

A. V. De Goucoria, Otto Sarony and J. Seaver Page are dangerous in the New York Athletic.

Walter Stanton's carom shots always attract attention at the New York and the Racquette.

Frank Murray, Joe Kendall, Andy Walker, Ned Murray, Dr. Pardee and Tom Whitney win in the Lotus.

Frank Thomas is "the crack at the New York Yacht, Commodore Chase, Commodore Astor, and Jimmy Winslow also rating

Dick Penobly, Lewis Rutherford, Ham Cole, Prof. Whithouse and Loyal Farragut are the leaders in the University, Isaac H. Bromley being the pool-master.

A. C. Palmer is the holder of the champion cue in the Manhattan Athletic. George W. Starr, Harry Pike, George Schaffer, James Magee and Walter Stone also rank as experts there.

George H. Taylor is the champion in the Union League, while Bank Presidents White (Bleecker Street Savings), Wood (Bowery) and Tappan (Gallatin National) are crack shots.

he bent and kissed her olive cheek. "One of the most beautiful women I ever saw."

"I suppose you think the most beautiful woman you ever saw is certain," he said, smiling, "and I am laughing. Rumor says so. Is rumor right?"

"Of course," he answered, smiling. "Perhaps I shall see her presently. If so I'll tell her what I think of her."

She ran down the stairs, sending back a soft, musical laugh, as she reached the hall. And, sure enough, in one of the shops she met Miss Berrian.

"What a lovely morning!" she said, holding out her hand to the woman who had won Ross Graham's heart. "Have you seen Mr. Robert Greville this morning?"

"Ah, yes," she said. "Then perhaps I can let you into a little secret. I saw him at Jeweller's. He was looking at an opal star. From a remark he dropped, I am sure I know what he intends to do with it. If you find out anything about it, let me know."

"You shall know all I learn about it," answered Miss Berrian, wondering what had put the idea into Miss Leith's head that she would be so sure to know about Mr. Greville's jewels than any one else.

Mr. Greville was hardly the sort of man for a woman of Grace Berrian's taste to be intimate with. Did Miss Leith mean to intimate that she knew what he did not—that she had caused it. But she was playing to win, and the game was between her and Grace Berrian.

"Rather pretty, isn't it?" said Greville, holding it in the light. "Portable lighting," flashing it back and forth in the blaze of daylight. The mystery of the thing was all the more valuable to me. You see, I received it from some unknown source this afternoon, and I haven't the least idea who sent it."

Ross Graham staggered out into the open air. There was no hope now. She was false to him. He had thought her the incarnation of all that is pure and womanly in woman; and he had loved her! That was worst of all.

Isabel Leith saw, without appearing to see, she read the secret of the pallor on her cousin's face. She knew that no one else in the room knew, except herself, that his heart was aching with a terrible pain. And she knew what he did not—that she had caused it. But she was playing to win, and the game was between her and Grace Berrian.

"I don't know," he answered, doubtfully. "I do," she whispered, her eyes upon his face, but he turned away. "Then, as if suddenly remembering herself, she blushed hotly, and drew her hand away from him, as if in sudden distress. It was a perfect act of grace."

"Would you be true?" he asked. "Could you love well enough to forgo the pleasure of

going home. I will send the carriage for you when you are ready."

"Let me go with you," she said. "Indeed, I would not let you go." "As you please," he answered.

The drive home was a silent one. He was too busy with his bitter thoughts to think of anything to say to her.

In the hall, he kissed her good night as usual.

"Oh, Ross!" she cried. "If you only knew how unworthy Grace Berrian is of your love."

"I do!" he said, bitterly. "I do not believe there is such a thing as sincerity in the world."

"Don't think because she is false, all women are," she said, her voice full of sly sweetness.

"I don't know," he answered, doubtfully. "I do," she whispered, her eyes upon his face, but he turned away.

Then, as if suddenly remembering herself, she blushed hotly, and drew her hand away from him, as if in sudden distress. It was a perfect act of grace."

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MORMONS ON LONG ISLAND.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS WORKING QUIETLY AT CHRISTIAN HOOK.

They Accept All the Doctrines of the Mormon Faith, Except Polygamy, the Practice of Which the Women Consider a Heinous Offense—Services Held at the Saints' Houses by Elder Penrose, of Utah.



CHRISTIAN HOOK is the appropriate name of a little hamlet on Long Island, which is otherwise known as Oceanville. Here reside a score or more families, whose support is derived from farming and gardening in summer and oyster digging in winter. Representatives of about a dozen of these families, after years of patient waiting and religious study, have become convinced that

Christian faith as taught and practised in the world, is not the true religion and have abandoned it for, to them, more perfect, consistent and acceptable faith of the Mormon.

They support all the doctrines of the Mormon faith, as it is now preached and spurn the single prerogative, which to the common mind is supposed to be the fundamental principle of Mormon polygamy, as a grave error now to associate polygamy with Mormonism, for while years ago it was its chief characteristic, now lawful polygamy is not a recommendation, but a curse.

With this powerful factor gone there exists but a slight religious difference between the faith of this little band of worshippers and the Christian world at large, a mere theoretical difference, which is, we believe, close at hand, and they are with pride, "we receive our religious training and instruction from men whose lives are bound up in the good work that they are doing, and who are not to be reproached for the word of God. Do you Christian ministers do that?"

By similar theories they endeavor to prove the superiority of their conception of the divinity over all other believers, and while not over anxious to swell their ranks, are ever willing to baptize into their faith any such as may profess for it strong belief and conviction. With the exception of one or two, who, like the stupid sheep, blindly follow a leader without knowing the why or wherefore they are sincere in a sincerity which is as true as it is exceptional.

The movement started but a short time ago. It was brought about primarily by the son of Ira Pettit, one of the warm-hearted and most generous men in the country. The son, a few years ago, sold out his grocery business in the East and joined the Mormons at Utah. As he was a firm believer in the Mormon faith he kept the folks at home informed of the working of his religion there. These letters were frequent and earnest, and they made a deep impression on the ones behind.

A short time ago the son returned to the brief visit, which lengthened into a permanent stay, and the spark for which a burning religious passion was waiting. He had hardly returned home before the first definite step was taken. In Utah there is a Relief Society whose object is to care for the sick and needy. A Relief Society was immediately started at Christian Hook, to which none but women were admitted, and the large portion were married. Its object was not the amelioration of poverty and distress, but merely to furnish books in which one could obtain instruction in the faith.

Its President is Mrs. Amelia Soper, wife of Elbert Soper, who says that he is the best of his own kind. Elbert Soper, however, according to his own statement, that the only way a man can live is by his wife. It is fortunate, the neighbors say, that he is not entitled to membership in the Relief Society.

Then prominent among its members are Mrs. Smith Soper and Mrs. Ira Pettit, while Mrs. Pettit and Joseph Brower are earnest workers in the cause. The society has already organized but a few weeks, but has already held religious services. There is no church that its members desire to attend, so they gather at the houses of different neighbors.

Last Sunday evening service was held, probably at the same house, and was conducted by the same elder. My cousin is filled and I haven't given away the prize yet."

With this exception there are no meetings

of the society whatever, and from appearance it will be several years before the little colony will be larger than at present. Its members are allowing matters to take their own course, avoiding rather than seeking notoriety. They ridicule the statement that before long proselytes from Long Island will emigrate to Utah. The married women of the band declare that although they accept the Mormon faith, polygamy or bigamy is in their eyes as heinous an offense as to any Christian woman.

TOLD AT AFTERNOON TEA

Mrs. W. H. Meeker and Miss Meeker are visiting Boston.

Mrs. Lewis Beach is visiting Mrs. James F. Barbour at Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. William Churchill are expected home soon after their summer abroad.

Mrs. Romaine Stone, the latest beauty, is a brunette, with very regular features.

The engagement is announced of the Marquis d'Adda, of Milan, and Miss Mary Hooper, of Cincinnati.

Mrs. Henry Day, of 21 West Fifty-first street, will receive to-day and other Wednesdays during the winter.

The Badminton Club will not begin to play until early in January. No place has yet been selected for its meetings.

The engagement of Mr. Rollins and Miss Huntington, daughter of Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, is announced.

Miss Eleanor Winslow will accompany her mother, Mrs. George S. Winslow, and her sister to Europe during the winter.

Mrs. John Sherwood, who has just returned to this city after a summer abroad, will resume her literary classes for young ladies in December.

The marriage of Mr. Andrew Miller, one of the editors and proprietors of *Life*, and Miss Nina Le Roy will take place at St. Thomas's Church tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

At the Short-Peet wedding, which will take place to-morrow week, Messrs. Philip Livingston Howard Townsend, John T. Wainwright and Alfred R. Conkling will be the ushers.

The marriage of Mr. George E. Ferris, of this city, and Miss Louise Caroline Wood, daughter of Mr. Thomas S. Wood, will take place at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, on Nov. 10, at noon.

The marriage of Mr. Wm. Butterfield and Miss Charlotte Du Vernet, daughter of Mrs. P. H. Du Vernet, will take place in Grace Church, Brooklyn, Conn., Nov. 9. A small wedding breakfast will follow.

The marriage of Mr. A. W. P. Kinnam and Miss Charlotte Morris, which was to have taken place this afternoon at St. Thomas's Church, is indefinitely postponed owing to the sudden severe illness of the bride.

The marriage of Mr. Jackson, of Brooklyn, and Miss May McElroy will take place at an early date. Miss McElroy was the lucky catcher of the bride's bouquet tossed at the conclusion of the ceremony at the Pedersen-Berghmann nuptials.

DINNER FOR FOUR FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World" by the Astor House Steward.

Split Pea Soup.

Baked Bismuth. Tomato Sauce.

Beef-Trip. Potato.

Cauliflower. Mashed Potatoes.

Ginger Snap. Custard Pie. Cheese.

Coffee.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18 to 20c.

Roast chicken, 18 to 20c.

Roast turkey, 18 to 20c.

Roast beef, 18 to 20c.

SHEIKH ALI'S DEATH.

The Feast about to be Celebrated by Fanatics at Constantinople.

In a couple days the feast of the death of Sheikh Ali will be celebrated in Constantinople by the several thousand Persians residing there.

Two years ago, through the courtesy of the American Embassy, the writer obtained a good seat in the Persian Bazaar, where he had an excellent view of the ghastly procession. Sheikh Ali was the brother-in-law of Mahomet, and the celebration of his murder is one of the chief feasts of the Persians during the whole year.

A procession is formed of three or four hundred men, dressed in white robes with bare heads and drawn swords, and dangers in their hands. They march around the Persian Bazaar about 8 o'clock in the evening, forming two lines, with the dervishes in the center at every corner, and the Koran in their hands. They are carrying a banner with the name of the deceased on it, and a banner with the name of the deceased on it.

After an hour of this, they begin to get worked up into a frenzy, and keep time to the chant by bobbing and gashing their heads at every corner, and the Koran in their hands. This continues until their heads are covered with blood. Many in the procession faint from loss of blood, or go into fits from over-excitement, and are picked up by porters and carried home. The friends of those in the procession frequently walk at their side and catch the blows of the paraders before they reach their heads. If any people die from the effects, the fact is kept quiet and Christians hear nothing of it. Of course dying through fatigue and loss of blood is not considered a crime, but dying from the effects of the procession is considered a crime, and the fact is kept quiet and Christians hear nothing of it.

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